

Johnson
LETTERS

WROTE BY

*Early Edw
Only*

JANE COOPER.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXT,

SOME,

ACCOUNT

OF HER

LIFE AND DEATH.



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LONDON:

Printed for G. WHITFIELD, City-Road, and sold at the  
Methodist Preaching-Houses in Town and Country.  
1798.

[PRICE THREE-PENCE.]

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WRITTEN BY

JANE POPE



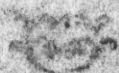
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THE

P R E F A C E.

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1 **T**HE Good Armelle has been heard of far and wide. Her life has been written at large, containing several hundred pages, translated into various languages, and published almost in all parts of Europe, by persons of various persuasions. Her deep, solid, unaffected piety, has recommended her to those of all denominations, who regarded not mere opinions, but the genuine work of God; "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

2. But it is impossible to give so full an account of the good woman, whose station in life was the same for some years. She had no such director of her conscience, who was informed (like those in the Roman church) of the minutest particulars, relating either to her internal or external walking with God. And she wrote no circumstantial account of herself. We have only some hints occasionally written, for her own private use, or the satisfaction of her friends. And the greatest part even of her letters is lost; particularly of those which she took most pains in writing. So that what follows is little more than fragments.

"But though they're little, they are golden sands."

In several respects not inferior to any thing in the life of Armelle Nicholas: in others greatly superior thereto. For first, all here is genuine: which I fear is not the case in the account given us of Armelle. For

words are there put into her mouth, which I think she could not possibly utter. For instance: She is made to say, "I had *always* such a sense of my sins, that I *never* felt pride in my life." Could any one born of a woman say this? Is not an embellishment added by her historian?

3. Secondly, All here is *strong sterling sense*, strictly agreeable to sound reason. Here are no extravagant flights, no mystic reveries, no unscriptural enthusiasm. The sentiments are all just and noble; the result of a fine natural understanding, cultivated by conversation, thinking, reading, and true christian experience. At the same time they shew an heart as well improved as the understanding; truly devoted to God, and filled in a very uncommon degree, with the entire fruit of his spirit.

4. Thirdly, This strong genuine sense is expressed in such a *style*, as none would expect from a *young servant maid*: A style not only simple and artless in the highest degree, but likewise clear, lively, proper: every phrase, every word being so well chosen, yea and so well placed, that it is not easy to mend it. And such an inexpressible *sweetness* runs through the whole, as art would in vain strive to imitate.

So Jane Cooper wrote, and spoke, and lived! Thou that readest, "Go and do likewise!"



J. W.

SOME

OF HER SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE DURING THIS TIME, AND
 THE MANNER OF HER CONVERSION, AND THE
 MANNER OF HER CONVERSION, AND THE

SOME ACCOUNT, &c.

1. **JANE COOPER** was born at Hingham, in the county of Norfolk, in the year 1738. Her father died when she was very young, and some time after, her mother married again. She was a daughter of affliction from her childhood; her father-in-law meeting with many misfortunes: But rather than be burdensome to any, when she was about twenty years of age, she chose to go out to service. For this purpose she came to London, and undertook to do all work in a small family. What sweetened all her labour was, that she had frequent opportunities of hearing what she believed to be the pure gospel. But after some months, she judged it best to leave this place, though much against the desire of her master. She then lived with a gentlewoman in Pall-Mall, who for a considerable time used her more like a companion than a servant. Her mistress afterwards removing to Brentford, she remained with her till Spring, 1762, though exceedingly to the prejudice of her health, which continually decayed. When she quitted Brentford, finding her strength so entirely lost that she was no longer capable of service, she hired a lodging in London, by the advice of her friends, and designing to work plain-work; but before she settled, she took a journey into Norfolk, to visit her friends and relations. Part of the time she was in the country was spent at Norwich, where she indeed "lived as an angel here below," comforting the sick and afflicted, supporting the weak, lifting up the hands, that hung down, confirming the wavering, and in every possible way, "ministering to the heirs of salvation."

2. Of her spiritual experience during this time, we have no account, but in some of her letters, and in her Diary: Part of which runs thus: (it is dated Jan. 16, 1762.)

"I received peace in believing four years ago. For some time after, I felt no sin, and thought I never should any more: How far it was owing to my own unfaithfulness, I cannot tell; but it was not long, before I found my inward parts were very wickedness. I was amazed to feel, that notwithstanding this, I loved him who died for me, that I still retained my confidence in God; and had the witness in myself, that I was a child of God. But withall I thought, I should always have a carnal mind which would sometimes be at enmity with God.

"In this belief I continued, till about two years ago, God brought me to hear the whole gospel. Not long after, those words were continually on my mind, "once have I heard, yea twice hath God spoken, that power belongeth unto him;" and I was deeply convinced, that I had in effect denied his power. Even after I had tasted his love, I limited the Holy One of Israel: And from this time I began to plead the promises of sanctification: But I still set them at a distance, supposing the accomplishment of them afar off.

"In March following I heard a letter read from one, who had entered into the rest of the people of God. It described a happiness in religion which I was a stranger to. I was much stirred up to seek after it, and was determined to wrestle with God till I prevailed. One day in prayer that promise was applied, "the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple." From that time I expected him, in every means I used, to come and destroy the works of the devil. I was agonizing with God in family prayer, when he gave me power to venture upon Jesus, as my God "made unto me wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." He spoke into my heart, "The Lord, even the King of Israel is in the midst of thee; and the enemies thou hast seen this day, thou shalt see them no more for ever." From this time I have rejoiced, and yet loathed myself.



JANE COOPER.

myself in my own sight; I feel no desire but to please him, and know of nothing in me that is not subjected to Jesus: I depend upon him every moment as my Advocate with the Father: I daily feel my coming short of what I would be, yet without any condemnation. The blood of sprinkling speaks me clean. Indeed if I could perform the obedience I desire, I should still be ashamed before him."

3. In the midst of various outward trials, her soul was now kept as a watered garden. She was "satisfied with the favour, and full of the blessing of the Lord: She enjoyed deep communion with God, and that without any interruption; she sought for, and found direction from him in every circumstance of life. She truly proved him to be her counsellor, who instructed her by his small still voice. She walked continually in his presence, and felt her soul always approved of him. She used to say, "Would Jesus on this or the other occasion, have acted or spoken thus?" And this rule she steadily copied after, in all her life and conversation. She knew a little of what our Lord meant when he said, "The Father which dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." To his will she was intirely given up, in sickness and health, ease and pain.

4. In the beginning of November, she seemed to have a foresight of what was coming upon her, and used frequently to sing these words:

"When pain o'er this weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast."

And when she sent to let me know she was ill, she wrote in her note, "I suffer the will of Jesus. All he sends is sweetened by his love. I am as if I heard a voice say,

"For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!"

5. Upon my telling her, "I cannot chuse life or death for you," she said, "I asked the Lord, that if it was his will, I might die first; and he told me you should survive me, and that you should close my eyes." When we perceived it was the small-pox, I said to her,

her, "My dear, you will not be frightened if we tell you what is your distemper." She said, "I cannot be frightened at his will."

6. The distemper soon was very heavy upon her: But so much the more was her faith strengthened. Tuesday, Nov. 16, she said to me, "I have been worshipping with you before the throne in a glorious manner, my soul was so let into God." I said, "Did the Lord give you any particular promise?" "No," replied she; it was all

"That sacred awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

7. Wednesday 17, Mrs. C. said to her, "Is there any thing you think me particularly deficient in?" She answered, "No, Love. He will guide you by his eye, and be your only Counsellor. All around you is God and Heaven. You little know, how dearly Jesus loves you." To Mr. M. she said, "I thank God for your preaching. You must still preach simple faith. Man will despise you, but God will love you; and yourself must believe." On Thursday, upon my asking, "What have you to say to me?" She said "Nay, nothing but what you know already, God is Love." I asked, "Have you any particular promise?" She replied, "I do not seem to want any. I can live without. I shall die a lump of deformity, but shall meet you all-glorious: And mean time, I shall have fellowship with your spirit."

8. When Mr. M— came again, he asked "What she thought the most excellent way to walk in, and what were its chief hindrances?" She answered, "The greatest hindrance is generally from the natural constitution. It was mine, to be reserved, to be very quiet, to suffer much, and say little. Some may think one way more excellent and some another. But the thing is, to live in the will of God. For some months past, when I have been peculiarly devoted to this, I have felt such a guidance of his Spirit, and the "unction which I have received from the Holy One, has so taught me of all things, that I needed not any man should teach me, save as this anointing teacheth." "When you speak upon acquaintance with Jesus, it is food to the soul. And when you preach of devoted-

ness to God and living to him, it is the joy of one's heart." He asked, "Have you any conviction you shall die?" She answered, "No; only from the disorder. But I feel his will so precious to me, that it is impossible for me to chuse." He said, "We leave you in our Lord's hands." She answered, "We shall meet above. I have no doubt of it."

On Friday morning she said, "I believe I shall die." She then sat up in her bed and said, "Lord, I bless thee that thou art ever with me, and all thou hast is mine. Thy love is greater than my unworthiness. Lord, thou 'sayest to corruption, thou art my sister!' And glory be to thee, O Jesus, thou art my brother! Let me 'comprehend with all saints, the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of thy love! Bless these: (some that were present) let them be every moment exercised in all things, as thou wouldst have them to be."

10. Some hours after, it seemed as if the agonies of death were just coming upon her. But her face was full of smiles of triumph, and she clapped her hands for joy. Mrs. C. said, "My dear, you are more than conqueror, through the blood of the Lamb." She answered, "Yes, O yes, sweet Jesus. O death, where is thy sting?" She then lay as in a doze for some time: Afterwards she strove to speak, but could not. However she testified her love, by shaking hands with all in the room. Then she took Miss M—'s hand, with Mrs. C— and Mrs. D—'s, and put them to her heart.

11. The Apothecary soon came in. She strove to speak to him, but had no utterance. One asked of the Lord, to give her power to speak; and in a few moments she spoke distinctly. Immediately she exhorted him to believe. He said, "I hope I do." "Do you then, replied she earnestly, find in Christ all you want? You may. And I want you to be happy now. Why will not you believe, when Christ has given all his divinity to save you?" He started, and said, "I hope I shall." "Hope! said she, that is not the thing. 'The hope of the hypocrite shall perish.'" Indeed you are not an hypocrite. Yet un-

less

lets you are on the Rock, when the winds and floods come, your building will not stand.

12. Mr. W. then came. She said, "Sir, I did not know that I should live to see you. But I am glad the Lord has given me this opportunity, and likewise power to speak to you. You have always preached the strictest doctrine. And I loved to follow it. Do so still, whoever is pleased or displeased." He asked, "Do you now believe you are saved from sin?" She said, "Yes, I have had no doubt of it for many months. That I ever had, was because I did not abide in the faith. I now feel I have kept the faith; and *perfect love casteth out all fear*." Mr. W. said, "Loving faith is all." She answered, "Ah Sir, I never had a grain of faith but what brought love, and I never had any love but by faith. As to you, the Lord promised me, your latter works should exceed your former, though I do not live to see it." He said, "Perhaps the Lord may restore you." She said, "His will be done. I have been a great Enthusiast (as they term it) these six months; but never lived so near the heart of Christ in my life. You, Sir, desire to comfort the hearts of thousands. Comfort the hearts of hundreds, by following that simplicity your soul loves."

13. To one who received the love of God under her prayer, "I feel I have not followed a cunningly devised fable; for I am as happy as I can live. Do you press on, and stop not short of the mark." To Miss M—s she said, "Love Christ. He loves you. I believe I shall see you at the right hand of God. But "as one star differs from another star in glory, so shall it be in the resurrection." I charge you, in the presence of God, meet me at that day all-glorious with-in. Avoid all conformity to the world. You are robbed of many of your privileges. I know, I shall be found blameless. Do you labour to be found of him in peace, without spot."

14. Saturday morning she prayed nearly as follows. "I know, Lord, my life is prolonged, only to do thy will; and though I should never eat nor drink more, (she had not swallowed any thing for near eight and twenty hours) thy will be done. I am willing to be kept

kept so a twelve-month: "Man liveth not by bread alone." ~~I praise thee, that there is not a shadow of complaining in our streets.~~ In that sense we know not what sickness means. ~~Indeed, Lord,~~ "neither life, nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, no nor any creature, shall separate us from thy love one moment." Bless these, that there may be no lack in their souls. I believe there shall not. I pray in faith."

On Sunday and Monday she was light-headed, but sensible at times. It then plainly appeared her heart was still in heaven. One said to her, "Jesus is your mark." She replied, "I have but one mark. I am all spiritual." Miss M. said to her, "You dwell in God." She answered, "Altogether." A person asked her, "Do you love me?" She said, "O, I love Christ: I love my Christ." To another she said, "I shall not be long here. Jesus is precious indeed." She said to Miss M. "The Lord is very good. He keeps my soul above all." For fifteen hours before she died, she was in strong convulsions. Her sufferings were extreme. One said, "You are made perfect through sufferings." She said, "More and more so." After lying quiet some time, she said, "Lord, thou art strong?" Then pausing a considerable space, she uttered her last words, "My Jesus is all in all to me: Glory be to him through time and eternity." After this she lay still for about half an hour, and then expired without a sigh or groan.

I then thought I must retain from evil words, and be constant at church, and I should doubtless go to heaven, though I walked not in a narrow but a much frequented way. I saw not that Christ alone was the way to heaven: But though I could not but see my works were insufficient, yet I hoped God would accept this patch-work obedience, and supply what was wanting. Beware of building your hopes on this sandy foundation. Seek, but seek forgiveness and acquaintance with God, through him who is the Rock of Ages. Let him not go until he bids you. For there is no safety, but in his friendship, and no peace, but in his favour.

May every blessing attend my dear friend. Where-
ever it has a place in my heart.

LETTERS

Nov.

LETTERS

WROTE BY

JANE COOPER.

LETTERS to Mrs. M. M.

Aug. 29. 1757.

I Sincerely rejoice, to find you are convinced of a most important but self-abasing truth, that you are yourself utterly unable to work out your own salvation, or to form so much as one good thought, or one desire towards it. Rest not in this conviction, but seek, ask, knock: And you shall assuredly obtain that faith which is the gift of God. Give me leave to repeat, that religion consists, first, in a true knowledge of our want of Christ; Secondly, in knowing him to be not only the Saviour of the world, but our Saviour in particular; in knowing him to have died for us, that we might live through him. There is a great difference between this scheme of religion, and that we form to ourselves when we begin to desire eternal happiness. I then thought I must refrain from evil words, and be constant at church, and I should doubtless go to heaven, though I walked not in a narrow, but a much frequented way. I saw not that Christ alone was the way to heaven: But though I could not but see my works were insufficient, yet I hoped God would accept this patch-work obedience, and supply what was wanting. Beware of building your hopes on this sandy foundation. Seek, but seek forgiveness and acceptance with God, through him who is the Rock of Ages. Let him not go until he bless you. For there is no safety, but in his friendship, and no peace, but in his favour.

May every blessing attend my dear friend. Wherever her shade is, she has a place in my heart.

Nov.

JANE COOPER'S LETTERS.

15

Nov. 9.

DO not you think me cruel, that I can rejoice to see you under the cross? I believe both our souls would wither, did not the rough wind arise to blow away the dust from our branches. When this is done, how salutary is the rain of grace, how refreshing the beams of love! I am persuaded there is not one tree of the Lord's planting, but must be purged that it may bring forth much fruit. If you have been on the mount with Peter, James, and John, remember that was not the only proof our Lord gave them of his peculiar love: They and they only were admitted to Gethsemane. Think on this, my dear friend, when you are under the cross, and wonder at the grace which calls, and enables you to drink of that cup, and to have some fellowship with Christ in his sufferings. I believe your heart and mine have said,

"No cross, no suffering I decline:
Only let all my heart be thine."

This was recorded in the courts above, and is answered as we are able to bear. Look not so much at the trial, as at the grace which keeps you from sinking under it. You may be greatly oppressed; But Omnipotence shall undertake for you. The enemy may thrust sore at you that you may fall; But claim his help who can and will deliver you. The floods of temptation may seem ready to overflow your soul. "But the Lord sitteth above the water-floods, and remaineth a King for ever. He shall give strength to his people; the Lord shall give his people the blessing of peace." Fear not then thou worm in thine own eyes. Since thou hast been precious, being bought with blood, thou art fair in his sight, who yet is of purer eyes, than to behold iniquity. Therefore he sits as refiner's fire, and as fuller's soap, on the souls of his people.

I feel Jesus near; he is better to me than I could ask or think. May your spirit find him nigh at this hour, and to the end of your warfare.

London,

YOUR Letter came in an acceptable time; I feared you would not write so soon, and the thought pained me. I found such union of heart with you

B

last

last week, as it is pleasing pain to experience. I looked upon your's as an answer to prayer. The Lord generally causes me to ask for a letter before it comes: How shall I speak his praise? He is indeed Immanuel; and what can we ask more? That we may each moment feel his power on our hearts, and testify to all, that God is with us. But what are we that God should dwell on earth! I am lost in the enquiry. And will God make a sinner happy? Or, which is the same thing, will he make us holy? He will, our hearts cry out, he will! We shall be filled with the fulness of his love. He knows I pant, I thirst to prove this, to know more fully the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord lets me drink of the brook in the way, before I reach the fountain-head. And I feel love to you, such love as only friendship knows, animated by the love of God.

I am better in body, but I believe the days of my appointed time are short. O blessed prospect beyond the grave: There I shall see him face to face! Help me by your prayers to keep the prize in view, that I may be ever running toward the mark. Jesus direct us to aim aright, and keep us from swerving aside into crooked paths!

Let me recommend much prayer to you: Not only that praying frame of mind, which a christian should continually possess, but frequent acts of secret prayer. And not only pray, but wait and expect the answer. I long, I love to hear, that you are sinking deep in the knowledge of yourself, and rising higher in the love of God.

If I had time I should give you a week's journal. Sunday se'nnight I received the Sacrament from Mr. Madan. It was indeed the communion of the body and blood of Christ. His banner over me was love. I was constrained to say, How plentiful is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for the sons of men!

I hear frequent mention of persons who have great grace; some of whom are called *perfect*. I do not much like the term: but I am persuaded, the only way to overcome sin, and to inherit all things, is by enjoying uninterrupted communion with our God. I found something of this on Monday, and was much refreshed.

refreshed with the presence of our Lord. But on Tuesday I found my heart ready to depart from the living God. Yet I had reason to wonder and adore the grace that would not let me go. On Thursday I heard Mr. Whitefield, and had cause to rejoice with reverence. On Friday a watch-night was kept at the Foundry, and I found the promise literally fulfilled, "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." Indeed his mercies are so oft repeated, that if I had not the most ungrateful heart, I should be always praising him. But often find such an inward contest with pride, self-will, impatience, and all that legion which is contrary to the mind of Christ, that I groan being burdened; Yet I am persuaded he can save unto the utmost, and believe he will save me. Even now my soul rejoices in hope. He will perfect what is lacking in either of our spirits. O trust in him with all your heart: Lean not to your own understanding. Believe the Lord: so shall you prosper. Be vigilant in all things; so shall you disappoint our enemy, and bring glory to our everlasting Friend. Unto his protection I commit you, until the day we meet to part no more.

May 6, 1760.

I Am glad you are so conscious of danger. It is necessary to be exceedingly afraid of our hearts departing from the living God; this never goes without correction: And although these chastisements are proofs of his love, yet beware you do not bring them upon yourself.

I look upon your being at that place, as a very particular providence: Yet I feel for you. I know many of nature's latent mazes will be discovered to you. Perhaps the cause and the effects will pain you. And what shall I say to comfort my friend? I cannot give the waters of consolation: Such power belongeth to God only. O may he undertake for you in every hour of oppression! You may this moment find relief, by looking to an exalted Redeemer. I have been asking that we might drink deep into the spirit of a crucified Saviour; indeed I knew not the depth of what I asked. Lord make us strong to bear the answer of our request:

request: make us esteem it our greatest privilege, to taste that cup of which thou drankest so largely! Only saying with thee, "If it may not pass from me, Father, thy will be done."

It is his absolute promise, "From all your idols will I cleanse you:" And your heart hath said Amen! Do you now protract your petition? Do you not rather say still, in spite of nature's struggle, "Let all my heart be thine?" Is your Isaac called for? Ascend the mount, bid all things contrary to resignation stay behind. Have you endeavoured to do this, and are you still interrupted by the birds of prey? Are you still molested, when you would offer the sacrifice which God requires? O watch to keep off those enemies to your peace! And he that is your peace shall give you power. Yes,

"When your all of strength doth fail
You shall with the God-man prevail."

He loves, he pities you, he requires your heart. And he is worthy to have it. O may he now reign therein, the Lord of every motion there.

Jesus has not left me comfortless. He still sustains me with his grace. May he bring us through this wilderness, to meet and part no more!

Dec. 4.
I know not whether the providence of God will ever permit me to see you again. But I can leave it to him, in sure hope that I shall meet your happy spirit, in the realms of endless day. There we shall surely exult in a Redeemer's presence. We shall see him as he is. And indeed when I have a view, though a transiient one, of the glory which shall be revealed, I am almost impatient of delay: I am ready to cry out, Why are the chariot wheels so long in coming? I want leave to go hence: and be no more seen as an inhabitant of earth. This has been for some time past my habitual desire, and I cannot help being glad at night, that one day more of my allotted portion is past, and eternity is nearer to me than when I first believed. Yet at the same time, I have reason to be ashamed before the Lord, that I do not live more to his glory.

Jane Cooper

2 B

I do

I do not love him with all my heart and strength: So far from it, that I sometimes feel I never did one action with a single eye to his glory. My own will was mixed. And

“Pride that busy sin,

Spoil'd all that I perform'd.”

It is well for me, that our High-priest bears the iniquity of my holy things. Indeed if the altar did not sanctify the gift, I could not approach with one offering. O may he purify the sacrifice which I have often made, of all I have, or can, or am!

Watch! Stand steadfast, my dear friend, and be strong in the Lord! Remember, the God of peace shall shortly bruise Satan under your feet. May he give you every thing that will forward your growth in grace!

Norwich, May 11, 1762.

I Am but weak, but my soul is kept in peace. Who can express the blessing of feeling Christ our friend every moment? Indeed I see no other way to profit my soul, but come the present moment, as I am, to Jesus: He never sends me empty away. If I wish any thing, it is more opportunity for private prayer. Between the sick, the afflicted, and those seeking the Lord, I have very little time to myself. However, I feel no desire, but to do and suffer his will. While I speak to you I taste his goodness, above what words can describe. He knoweth I desire to glorify him, to be altogether his, and to feel him all my own. I know of nothing in my soul, which is not given up to God. Pray him to examine and prove me, and to supply what is lacking.

To Mrs. J. C. M.

Nov. 29, 1761.

I Know nothing of myself. But I know and feel that God is love. I feel, I love him in a measure, and long for full conformity to Jesus. My soul is happy in him; and though I have not what I used to think was implied, in the blessing which has been poured

out upon many, yet, I have (what I am not sufficiently thankful for) deeper union with the source of blessedness, a constant sense of his unmerited love, and a frequent knowledge that I am less than the least of all saints. I am persuaded, nothing shall separate me from the Lord Jesus. From him is my faith found. In him are the springs of consolation, which revive and endue my soul with much strength. I trust in him and know in whom I trust. Therefore life or death is equal.—

Labour still for all the spirit's peaceful fruit. Jesus will bless your attempts to glorify him. He will make you unblameable in love before men, and unreprouable before God. Know that the eye of the earth and heaven is upon you. Many wait for your halting; more, I trust, wish you success in the name of the Lord; I am sure I do, and therefore write without reserve. Take heed of your own understanding. Do not suffer yourself to think of it, but with abasement, that you have made no better use of it. Excuse this freedom; The motive is love unfeigned. I find the fruit of the cross even while I write. I sit under the shadow of my Beloved, and feel him sustaining my soul. O Jesus, great is thy goodness! Great is thy mercy! Even toward the meanest, me. Bless, I pray thee, the sister of my spirit, let her

“Antedate the joy I have:
Ever feel her Saviour's love.”

I feel my insufficiency to speak of the goodness of God. It is more than I can express. He deals tenderly with me, and if I follow the best pattern, I shall be patient toward all. I have felt much bodily weakness, but no power to chuse its removal or continuance. I seem to enjoy all I want, while I pursue what I have not attained. I am daily more sensible how little I am. I think, never one soul so utterly wanted a complete Saviour.

I have taken the first opportunity to write, in hopes of profiting by your answer. I want to know the most effectual way to grow in grace: How to improve by all things: how to make a good use of the dulness which often creeps upon my mind, and makes my soul stupidly inactive. I want to be all attention to God;

to have every faculty of my mind fixedly waiting upon him: But I find myself beat off by this weariness or listlessness. I often seem to stand fast in the Lord, and am steadily looking unto him; but (I suppose, through unwatchfulness) often lose the deep consciousness, that "God is here": Yet he does not condemn me; but I abhor myself, while I see the Saviour graciously near. My heart crieth without a voice, "Come and mould thy passive clay. Keep my attention rightly exercised every moment." And while I call, my Jesus answers. O, did I pray without fainting, I should then be what I wish.

I praise the lover of my soul, that he delights to bless you. May you ever see his full sufficiency to save, and live in the fountain-head of bliss!

January 26, 1762.

BLESSED be God, I only seek his approbation, and am content with that alone. The night you wrote, the Lord spake to my heart, "All is yours." I feel it true, for Christ is mine. Indeed he is precious to me: my soul is satisfied with its portion. Yet "eager I ask and pant for more." But my wants do not discourage me. I delight to feel them, for I am persuaded, out of his fulness I shall receive a supply. Even while I am receiving from him, he makes me capable of more. I am amazed at his grace.

"I cannot praise him as I wou'd,

But he is merciful and good,"

and does not despise the day of small things.

I know I have been unfaithful to the grace of God; yet he pardons without upbraiding. O that every future moment may prove, I feel the time past sufficient! When I consider you as a younger scholar, I am ashamed; yet I rejoice the master loveth us both. And though he may justly say to me, "O, slow of heart to understand," yet he teaches me, as I am able to receive the lesson of his love. I often meet your spirit, when I go in secret before our Lord. He only knows, how much I desire you may increase, with all the increase of God." May you follow the Lamb in all things! I praise him that he unites me to himself, and to all whose fellowship is with him: I thank him

who

who gives us to drink into one spirit. My heart feels God continually nigh. My only wish is his will: My only desire his glory.

Good Friday.

IT is given to you to suffer: And happy are you, if our Lord counts you meet to be his companion in the garden. I love his tempted followers above all: And his peculiar care is towards such as drink of his cup. I am thankful to him on behalf of your soul. Faithful is he that hath called you. He will establish your heart, and keep you from all evil, unto his heavenly kingdom.

I always find a fight before a conquest. I am generally warned of approaching trials, and when I am most filled with the consolation of God, I see how amiable it is to follow my captain, who was made perfect through sufferings. He is daily teaching me the lesson of his cross. When it ceases to be necessary I shall suffer no more. I am often sensible my own folly obliges him to put me to pain. I know he never willingly afflicts, but chastens in order to make us partakers of his holiness.

O praise our everlasting friend, who never shows us a defect, but in order to amend it: My soul longeth to live to him. I feel his mercies new every morning. My spirit is so united to the Lord Jesus, that I am persuaded nothing shall separate me from his love. But I have not that fulness of the spirit, which I desire and expect. I am sensible my privileges are far higher than my attainments, and I want to be stirred up daily, to take the kingdom which is before me by violence.

Of late I have found private prayer the means which brought me nearest to God: But this he often varies, as his wisdom sees best. My soul is more simple than it was; I am learning to leave others to the care of our Shepherd, and desire only to hear and follow him. Let your soul delight itself in him; learn to know how he hath loved you. Be very active in his cause, and passive to his will. My spirit is all peace. May yours be preserved in Christ Jesus, who hath called you to glory and immortality.

April

April 21.

PEACE be with your spirit! The Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought: thou shalt be like a watered garden; for the Lord Jesus is your salvation. With joy may you draw from his fulness, grace for every moment's want. His design is still to do us good; his delight is with the sons of men.

I find my fellowship with heaven is increased since I wrote last: the King of eternity makes me capable of communing with him; and though I tread but the outmost borders of his sanctuary, he causes me to hear his voice, inviting me to come forward. He assures me, he will help me to overcome, and give me to inherit all things. But at the same time, he shews me my works are not perfect; and that I must watch and strengthen the things that remain. I find my safety and happiness, depend, on my dependance upon Jesus. I want every moment to begin afresh the life of faith; to forget all things else, and be (as you said) "a person of one business." I have been much tempted lately, but I count it all joy, for it profited my soul. I have gained more self contempt, and I love an empty spirit, because then there is room for Jesus.

"O what are all our sorrows here,

If, Lord, thou count us meet

With that enraptur'd host to appear

And worship at thy feet?"

It will soon be our employ. O let us now live in eternity! Antedate the joys above, by bringing all you have, and are, to his feet. Cast all you have before him, and ascribe salvation to him, who of a stone hath made a daughter of Abraham.

I think the grace you want most is thankfulness. Stir me up to patience. Pray that I may be nothing.

"Mean and vile in my own eyes,

"Only in his wisdom wise?"

Norwich, May 6.

THE Lord hath of late kept me much from reasoning myself into perplexity. When any thing occurs which I cannot understand, I carry it to him, who

who is a *Wonderful Counsellor*: And he wipes away the tears from my eyes, by assuring me he is all my own. I feel a constant necessity of walking with the Lord, as I first received him: and I retain peace, as it was imparted by simple faith. Who knows the value of faith? None but they who constantly exercise it, to their own profit, and the Redeemer's glory.

I think your fears of deceiving the people, are only the result of strong temptation. We cannot see clearly in the time of a storm. This is not a season to examine whether we be in the faith: Neither is reason alone sufficient to determine in spiritual matters. One thing is needful to your situation, even to cast yourself upon the Lord, just as you are. Now come to him who waiteth to be gracious: Who saith concerning sin or infirmity, "I will cleanse the blood which I have not cleansed." I fear, you have reasoned with the enemy, while you should have been looking unto Jesus: And by living a little beneath your privileges, have been ready to give up your claim to them. But Jesus was present, though your eyes were holden: And

"Round you and beneath He spreads
His everlasting arms."

Sunday night.

THE Lord who inclined your heart to write, will reward your labour of love. I find him faithful who hath promised, "my grace is sufficient for thee." I feel a measure of that love, which shall overcome by enduring: All I have and am is but a small offering; but this I can give up to Jesus. Ever since I tasted his love, I have been led in the way of the cross. It is a royal way: The King of kings walked in it: And while I tread in his steps, I experience the rugged way is pleasantness, and the thorny path is peace. Since I have more than ever gone through *evil report*, I have found more increase of faith and love. I cannot sufficiently praise the "friend who sticketh closer than a brother." His banner over me is love, and my soul confesses he doth all things well.

I praise

I praise him on your behalf also. He rejoices over you to do you good. O lean on your beloved with all your weight: So shall you find a sure support. If storms rise and winds blow, they will only settle you on the rock which cannot be moved. Believe simply; believe constantly; so shall you love steadily and entirely. I know no other way for the just to live but by faith: And as we exercise faith it grows, till we can say in all circumstances, *this is the victory*.

I bless my God I feel no desire to vindicate my conduct. I know the light of heaven shone on my path, and I am content to be approved of God alone. I feel my heart is given up without reserve, and see fresh cause to be daily more devoted to him. Blessed be God for Christ Jesus! In him I enjoy all I want. Bear me on your heart before him, and ask him to lead me to the thing and place he chuseth.

July 22.

YOUR's came in a seasonable time, as the return of prayer. I felt some pain because I did not hear from you sooner. But our God doth all things well: He shall supply all your wants, and make all grace to abound towards you. He delights to complete the work he begins, and happy is the soul that does not resist his will. He will call for the corn and will increase it, and will lay no famine upon you. Great is his faithfulness! Hearken diligently to the Shepherd's voice. He will teach us to profit by the present cross, and keep us in the spirit of sacrifice.

I feel my need of patience. I am closely and constantly exercised, but his grace is sufficient even for me. He generally teaches me by applying his word to my heart, so that I have cause to esteem it more than fine gold. I was greatly oppressed some nights ago, and found immediate deliverance from these words, "As birds flying, so will the Lord of hosts defend Jerusalem. Descending also he will deliver, and passing over he will preserve it." I find much union with you, and believe you bear my burdens, and abide in prayer for me. I cannot forget you, and our Friend in heaven remembers you for good.

I can no longer refrain from saying, Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Let none beguile you of

of your simplicity, or the reward that attends it. I believe your light is shining out of obscurity, and will shine unto the perfect day. You are coming unto the light that your deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God. In his light you behold yourself one of "the circumcision, who worship God in the spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh."

"They have great peace who love his law, and nothing shall offend them." He *keeps us night and day*. I pleaded this promise last night, and made it my own by believing. He did keep my imagination, while I slept, subject to himself. Since I returned into the country, I have been blest with peace, which temptation of various kind did not ruffle. My determination to know nothing but Jesus crucified, is much strengthened. This moment I can give up all for him, and do all things through him strengthening me. I have a testimony that I please him, and count his dear reproach greater treasure than the wealth or praise of men.

Be faithful in all things; this is your privilege; live up to it this moment. You know the way, walk therein and pray always for

Your affectionate Sister,

and obliged Friend.

REJOICE in the Lord always; again I say rejoice, for he is become your everlasting light, and the days of your mourning are ended. I believe your sun shall no more go down, but you shall dwell on high. Your place of defence is the munition of rocks; bread of life is given you; your waters shall not fail. Your eyes shall see the King in his beauty, and he will cause you to know him who was from the beginning. I drink with you into one spirit. Help me to bless God for the consolation; it increases by being mutual. My soul seems lost in wonder, love, and praise, and is melted into thankful tears. Every sensation of gratitude in earth or heaven is bought with thy blood, O precious Jesus! the power to feel my obligation to him, proceedeth from above, and when we reach the top-stone, we shall still shout, "Grace, grace, unto it."

I have

I have all this day been in a disposition to cast my crown at his feet. I cannot express, how much I choose to give all the glory to Christ my Lord. All within me acknowledges he is worthy to receive all glory. My love to Mrs. —. Tell her not one tittle shall fail of all the good things God hath spoken to her of. Only let her be strong, and not stagger at any of the promises.

I believe, I need not say, pray always for

Your most affectionate Sister in Jesus.

To Mrs. E. D.

My dear Friend,

I Know you will rejoice to hear, God has gotten himself the victory, in the most stubborn heart that ever submitted to Jesus.

"He is my King, and makes me sit,
In willing bonds beneath his feet."

Praise him, O my soul; praise him, O my sister, for still he is bringing lost sinners to God. Yea, he has brought me to God. I feel myself weak as helpless infancy; but Christ my strength is with me: At last I am a fool for his sake.

When I left you on Friday, and had finished my business, I sat down alone, in misery. The Lord directed me to those words; "be not affrighted, I know whom ye seek, Jesus of Nazareth: He is not here, he is risen, and lo he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall you see him." I believe I should, and came home in peaceful expectation. One who had seen his great salvation, prayed that he would bless me also: But my own wisdom opposed his coming, and the conflict was great. At length my vehement soul stood still, and the mountains flowed down at his presence. My heart was filled with holy shame and humble joy; I was a little child. I entered the kingdom; we praised our King till morning; and his praise is ever new and sweet. The Lord causes us to cease from our own works, and he is glorified. O

and O

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pray

pray for us! Pray for me, who every moment need the merit of his death. I can say no more, but I do love Christ, and I love you better than ever.

My dear Friend,

TRULY God is loving unto Israel, even unto me; nevertheless my feet had well nigh slipped, for I was grieved at the wicked, and pained by the good: I have been more exercised in mind than ever I was before, and the last conflict always felt severest; but I begin to see that all these things work together for my good. I never was so much saved from trusting in any creature; Jesus was never more lovely in my eyes; I feel him only desirable; I cannot repeat his compassions, for they are endless. I proved them to be sufficient for me, when all besides failed me. I doubt not but I made my cross heavier than love intended, by my own folly: But the Teacher of Israel rectifies mistakes with tenderness known only to himself. At present my desire is to overcome only by enduring. I want to think and act under the eye of him who loves me, and every moment to feel it upon me. My soul longs for nearer acquaintance with God. I know neither man nor devils need hinder my intercourse with Jesus. O that I were wise to improve what I receive, and faithful to retain what his mercy gives!

Use your interest for me at the throne of grace: And go on through your croud of difficulties, aiming at Jesus. He alone is worthy your pursuit!

We are forced to feel as well as see, God alone is our support. I have had much of his peaceful presence. He is indeed greater than our fears, and better than our hopes. I was much tired on Friday; but since that I have had no painful emotion. I feel for you in the tenderest manner my heart is capable. I see Jesus will vindicate his own, and claim all your heart for himself. He sees what wounds it, and will give medicine to heal all its sickness. I believe "all you feel is mercy." But are you strong enough to support the weight? Why should his blessings be insupportable, through our softness of spirit? O that my friend were less susceptible of these impressions!

O that

O that a dull disciple might teach you to be in some matters more flow of understanding, of a more insensible spirit!

I see the commandment is exceeding broad, and this makes Christ exceeding precious. How valuable the Advocate with the Father! My soul desires to know nothing but him crucified. May you feel life, abundant life in that knowledge! O how much my Saviour loves you! I feel a little of the founding of his bowels toward you. He counts you worthy to suffer, O be thankful for this special mark of his love!

AL L this week I have been tried, but with intervals of rest. God is a jealous God, and will be loved alone: Jesus will convince us in time, that he alone is worthy of every power of the soul. I see a field of religion before me, which I want to walk in. I know I am called to make a perpetual offering of myself, and every enjoyment, to the will of God. I do long to be a christian; my heart goeth out after this; when will it once be? That promise is now brought to my mind, "they shall grow as willows by the water-courses." It is a mournful tree: I think we shall be weeping willows till we are taken into the paradise of God. Then all tears shall be wiped away from our eyes.

O how little do I know the meaning of Jesus? Surely 'tis mercy all. Even the minutest circumstance is by his order, and under his inspection. And he will suffer nothing to hurt the apple of his eye.

I am to-day very weak in body. I feel the power of sympathizing with all in the house. All are tried. O Adam, what hast thou done! O Jesus, what hast thou suffered! How thou canst recover! Lord, let us know thy utmost power to save!

MY heart feels pure union with yours. I love you as disinterestedly as I think I can. Sure the Lord is pouring upon you the spirit of sacrificing all to him. I wish you good luck in his name! Go on, my dear friend. Life is a noble thing, while our employment is doing the will of God from the heart. May you clearly see what his will is concerning you.

I have at present peace, inward and outward. Pray, pray that I may

"Be thankful and humble,
But never stand still."

I Want your prayers and advice. I feel myself weaker and more foolish than ever. I am as a little child learning to walk, and cannot go alone. At present I am guided by Jesus, and feel his grace sufficient for me, but there are depths of the Deity I want to fathom. I long to be lost in the immensity of his love!

My soul enjoys peace, solid peace at bottom; but its surface is filled with fights and fears. I am afraid of being too outward; I want grace to deepen in my soul. Blessed be God, my every want shall be supplied, from his fulness who filleth all.

MY dear friend gave me another proof of her tenderness, by not upbraiding me with neglect. I think you ought to go to the meetings (on Fridays) by all means: Pray for those who speak not according to the law and the testimony. You feel more deeply the help that is done upon earth, the Lord doeth it himself. What is man, that he is mindful of him! What is God, that he can be gracious to us! O may our souls every moment know, by a nearer acquaintance with him, that he is love!

You are laid upon my heart to pray for: sure God is faithful to his word, he will hear and answer, and endue your soul with much strength.

"Suffering faith shall brighter grow,
As gold when in the furnace tried."

I am persuaded your Lord will be with you, and make your weakness more than conquer. He is wonderful in counsel: He has a way in the whirlwind: He cannot mean any thing but mercy to your soul; for he has given himself and all that he counted dear, to you. What then would you withhold from him? Methinks I hear you say, "Nothing: I would offer all I have or am to his will, when I know it is his."

And

And can you doubt this? "Is there an evil in the City, and the Lord hath not done it?" Can a sparrow fall, or Shimei curse David without permission? Nay, Satan himself can do nothing without leave. O my God, shine on thy servant's heart, that she may see, thy hand of love holds the cup. And if she is called

"To bear the full anguish
The uttermost load,
Yet give her to languish
And suffer like God!"

My dear friend, what shall I say, to dissuade you from over much sorrow? I can only love you, and speak to Jesus, that he may order your conduct to his glory.

May,—1762. Norwich.

JOIN to praise the Lord, who still supports my feebleness of mind, carries all my burdens, and suffers me to desire nothing but his righteous, glorious will. I see infinite wisdom and unfathomable love, in all his dispensations towards me: I can now believe, that all things shall work together for good: I want words to tell you the sense I have of the goodness of God, far better felt than described: I find his consolations sufficient to support me under present difficulties, and am persuaded his grace will be equal to every future trial. I like your proposal, but dare scarce form one plan. May the Lord do with me as is good in his sight.

To the Rev. Mr. ———.

Feb. 21, 1761.

YOUR obliging request lays me under a happy necessity, of calling to mind the past mercies of God. May every review of them bring trust for future blessings, and thankfulness for the present!

Ever since I can remember I was desirous of happiness; but I did not seek it in God. I thought if I was religious, I should go to heaven; but I knew not the nature of true religion, and I was unwilling to be under the restraint of that I did know. Yet so

great a stranger was I to myself, that I often thought, if I knew what God required I would perform it. At sixteen I was confirmed, and made many resolutions; but they soon wore off. I had a strong impression on my mind, that I should die when I was four and twenty. I reflected on those who were put apprentice seven years to learn a trade, and thought I ought to use like application, to learn the business of eternity.

I went to the Sacrament the day I was eighteen, and found uncommon satisfaction: I exhorted others to do the same, thinking I had now done all that was commanded me, and that if I continued in the same way, I should be a very profitable servant.

Soon after this I went to London for eight weeks, where I heard Mr. Jones (of Southwark) preach, and was affected at hearing of the sufferings of Christ, much as I used to be at seeing or reading of a tragedy. I was afterwards asked to hear Mr. Romaine. I did so, but could not understand him. The night I left London, some persons were debating about the millennium. One of them repeated part of the 20th chapter of the Revelation. I was struck at the awful words, and thought if Christ was then to come, I was not prepared to meet him. I went home very serious, and began to search the scriptures, and to be more strict than ever. I was often troubled, but knew not the cause, and was ashamed to confess my fears. My friend thought I had a fever on my spirits, and I thought so too; but as I read much, I began to fear, that with all my religion I was not converted. I wanted to go to London, that I might hear Mr. Romaine. A year after I went to London with my father-in-law. At the inn where we lay, I saw Mr. Whitefield's sermons. I read what I could, and determined to hear him. He was not in town; but I was much affected with Mr. Dyer's preaching. Afterwards I not only went to St. Dunstan's, but to all the Methodist places of worship I knew, and one evening heard Mr. Walsb, at West-street. He preached the necessity of that "Holiness without which none can see the Lord." His words were as arrows in my heart; I found all my former righteousness so deficient;

ficient: I knew this could not obtain mercy; but I did not feel I deserved hell. I wrote to Mr. Romaine, to know what I should do to be saved? He desired to see me, and told me, two things were necessary, to know my want of Christ, and my interest in him. I went home with the greatest reluctance; for I knew no christians in the town where I lived. My former acquaintance thought me mad: My mother was greatly alarmed. Not long after I went to Norwich for a few days, and found out Mr. Mitchell. He spoke to me of the peace which faith brings to the conscience. I knew myself a stranger to this: but would willingly have suffered the rack, so I might attain it. I went home, and was for five or six weeks, in a most unhappy situation. Before, I was not bad enough to come to Christ; now I was too bad for him to receive: yet the Lord dealt tenderly with me, and at different times brought many encouraging scriptures to my mind. But still the stupidity and unbelief I felt, constrained me to mourn in secret. Still I was constrained to say,

“Scarce I begin my sad complaint,
When all my warmest wishes faint:
Hardly I lift my weeping eye,
When all my kindling ardors die:
Nor hopes nor fears my bosom move,
For still I cannot, cannot love!”

I could not rest thus, though I concluded, it would always be the case: I expected to be miserable all my life, and to perish at the last: I found it as easy to reach heaven with my hand, as to believe Jesus died for me. I felt, “no one can come to Christ, except the Father draw him.” Now I knew it was the work of God, to believe on him whom he had sent. I prayed, he would work faith in me, but seemed as distant from God as hell from heaven. I was cut off from all self-dependence: I was a sinner stript of all.

I was on my knees striving to pray, when I heard inwardly a voice say, “thy sins are forgiven thee.” I felt the truth of it in my heart, and in a moment prayer was lost in praise. I called upon the angels to join with me, in blessing him who died for me! He

caused

caused his goodness to pass before me, and I rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

Yet in a few hours after I began to fear, I had deceived myself, and all was delusion. I was much distressed, and had recourse to prayer, and the Lord repeated his mercies, and impressed the same words on my mind, more strongly than before. I was more assured of his forgiving love, and enjoyed much peace in believing. I now thought I never could sin more. My mind was taken up with God, and I conversed with him as a man would with his friend. My confidence in him was unshaken and my hope full of immortality.

I wanted others to rejoice with me; but they were strangers to Jesus, and "intermeddled not with my joy." I lamented being alone: My nearest friends thought I carried things too far. My mother was more alarmed; for I could not speak but on religious subjects. A neighbouring Clergyman advised her to confine me if I offered to hear the Methodists: This I did at all opportunities, though none was nearer than four miles off. Her tenderness gave me much pain. I was sorry to grieve her in any thing; and yet I did not dare to oblige her, by acting contrary to my conscience. I could not play at cards, nor join in any trifling discourse, though my refusal was deemed preciseness.

I was near two years at home after this. Then the Lord fulfilled his promise: He gave me the "bread of adversity and the water of affliction;" but my eyes did see my teachers. I was now more desirous than ever, to be made conformable to the will of God: But I thought, to believe the doctrine of Perfection, was derogating from the priestly office of Christ.

When I first saw you, Sir, at Norwich, notwithstanding my prejudice to your opinions, I found that reverence and esteem for you, which have increased ever since. My understanding was then better informed, and my desires more fervent for all the grace God had in store for me. I trust my soul is still alive to God, and athirst for righteousness. He has borne my manners in the wilderness, and sustains me in my utter helplessness. He continues to multiply his pardons,

dons, and heap his benefits upon me. Every trial is sent in mercy; every temptation is permitted for my good; every cross has proved a blessing in disguise. In his light I see this: I believe he is able to keep me from falling, and to make me perfect and entire, lacking nothing. My present situation requires more of every grace, than any I have been in before: But I trust he in whom all fulness dwells, will supply my every want.

I would not have troubled you with so long a letter, but indeed I had not time to make it shorter. And I am desirous to prove by every means that I regard your advice, and on all occasions speak with freedom.

I am, dear Sir, your obliged servant,

J. C.

Rev. and dear Sir,

April 1, 1761.

GOD has been more gracious to my soul than I could ask or think. I find him as a place of broad waters, deep and large, and I feel my inability to fathom that depth of love. In Jesus are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge hid: And he has begun to reveal them to the most ignorant soul. But it is impossible to describe the goodness of God, the great God, to so unworthy an object!

From the last morning you preached, I was stirred up to seek him more diligently than ever. You then discovered my heart to me, and what was wanting there. I was kept in prayer, and would have parted with all things, so I might win Christ. I wanted to love him with all my heart; but my own wisdom was his rival. Nothing less than Omnipotence could destroy this: And his own right hand got the victory. I was made sensible how completely foolish and entirely helpless I was. My vehement soul stood still; and I saw Jesus was all my salvation. He was all my desire; and I knew he was made unto me sanctification and redemption. He appears as a priest upon the throne, who shall bear the glory for ever. I feel my continual need of him, in all his offices. He is truly precious to my soul; but I want to know him more, and the power of his resurrection. I am happy in his love: But I want more intimate acquaintance and a deeper union with him. I see the just shall live by faith;

faith; and unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given. If I were an Archangel, I should veil my face before him, and let silence speak his praise!

May 2.

I Believe while memory remains in me, gratitude will continue. I know many are the troubles of the righteous; but out of them all doth the Lord deliver. I have never desired to hide any distress or difficulty from you at any time. Is this any reason, why you should tell me, what those are which now surround you? If I could remove the least of them by knowing it, I should be importunate.

From the time you preached on Galatians v. 5. I saw clearly the true state of my soul. That sermon described my heart, and what it wanted to be truly happy. You read Mr. M's letter, and it described the religion which I desired. From that time the prize appeared in view, and I was enabled to follow hard after it. I was kept watching unto prayer; sometimes in much distress, at others in patient expectation of the blessing. For some days before you left London, my soul was stayed on the promise I had applied to me in prayer; "the Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple." I believed he would, and that he would sit there as a refiner's fire. The Thursday after you went, I thought I could not sleep, unless he fulfilled his word that night. I never knew as I did then the force of those words, "be still and know that I am God." I became nothing before him, and enjoyed perfect calmness in my soul. I knew not whether he had destroyed my sin; but I desired to know, that I might praise him. Yet I soon found the return of unbelief, and groaned, being burdened. On Wednesday I went to London, and sought the Lord without ceasing. I promised, if he would save me from sin, I would praise him. I could part with all things, so I might win Christ. But I found all these pleas nothing worth, and that if he saved me, it must be freely for his own name's sake. On Thursday, after I had been with S. Guilford and B. Dixon, I was so much tempted, that I thought of destroying myself, or never conversing more with the people of
God.

God. And yet I had no doubt of his pardoning love: But "it was worse than death my God to love, and not my God alone." On Friday my distress was deepened. I endeavoured to pray and could not. I went to Mrs. D. who prayed for me, and told me, it was the death of nature. I opened the Bible on "the fearful and unbelieving—shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." I could not bear it. I opened it again on Mark xvi. 6, and 7. "Be not affrighted: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth.—Go your way; tell his disciples, he goeth before you into Gallilee, there shall you see him." I was encouraged, and enabled to pray, believing I should see Jesus at home. I returned that night, and found Mrs. G. She prayed for me; and the Predestinarian had no plea, but, "Lord, thou art no respecter of persons." He proved he was not by blessing me. I was in a moment enabled to lay hold on Jesus Christ, and found salvation by simple faith. He assured me, the Lord, the King, was in the midst of me, and that I should see evil no more. I now blessed him who had visited and redeemed me, and was become my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. I saw Jesus altogether lovely, and knew he was mine in all his offices. And glory be to him, he now reigns in my heart without a rival. I find no will but his: I feel no pride, nor any affection, but what is placed on him. I know, it is by faith I stand, and that watching unto prayer must be the guard of faith. I am happy in God this moment, and I believe for the next. I have often read the chapter you mention, (1 Cor. xiii.) and compared my heart and life with it. In so doing I feel my short comings, and the need I have of the atoning blood. Yet I dare not say I do not feel a measure of the love there described: Though I am not all I shall be, I desire to be lost in that love which passeth knowledge. I wish for no joy, but what increases love.

Rev. and dear Sir, London, Sept. 29, 1762.

I Thank you for another proof of your care for my soul, in the enquiries you make. I bless my Lord, his grace is sufficient to make me answer without hesitation every question you propose. I have for many

many months enjoyed such a continuance of the presence of my Beloved, as makes me feel I am less than the least of his mercies. The beholding of him, who is fairer than the sons of men, the sight of Christ crucified, prevents the touch of pride, and makes me hate the garment spotted by the flesh. The testimony that I desire is not from man, and the approbation of God never makes me high-minded. Rather I rejoice unto him with reverence. He teaches me to delight myself in him. And I feel, I cannot be displeased with any thing that is his choice. I know that I please him; for he testifies of my works that they are wrought in him. Indeed Jesus is unspeakably precious.

“Words are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.”

He daily makes to me new discoveries of his grace and power, and every fresh manifestation more effectually unites my heart to him who is altogether lovely: I love my friends in him: He gives the affection I feel, and it always leads to him. I believe when quit of the inconveniences of mortality, I shall love with greater strength and elegance, every friend to whom Jesus has now united my soul. And what we know in part, we shall prove in eternity, “God is love, and whoso dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him.” My desire for you is, that you may increase with all the increase of God, and return to us in the fulness of the gospel of peace. I believe you will, and that you will be a blessing to me and many.

I think Mr. Bell is willing to take any advice you think proper to give. I repeat what I have said before; they that seek dissension are not friends to the work of God. I trust you labour for peace, and the peace of God shall be with you always.

I daily give up all to Jesus, and have no sacrifice to make which is not offered up already. He gives me strength for all he calls me to bear: And I find it easy for the love which believes, to endure all things.

May the God whom you serve, bless your labours with great success! I wish you good luck in his name. The weapons of your warfare are mighty through him: You need not fight uncertainly, as one that beateth the air, but prove in every circumstance; “this is the victory, even our faith.” Continue to shew your care over me, by reproving and advising me as you judge needful. I am sensible of all my obligations to you, and am,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate servant,

JANE COOPER.

F. F. V. S.

